

in him, we will be given the purity of heart, the purity of mind and that brotherly love which will lead us to do that which he intended.

As they run the plow share of Christianity through the luke-warmness and indifference of the professors of Christ, may the true disciple drop his seed of righteousness into the freshly turned furrows.

Valparaiso, Ind.

Children's Department.

COLLECTION POEM.

There are many little children,
 Away across the sea,
 Who do not know that Jesus
 Once died for them and me.
 "What can we do to help them?"
 I'll tell you in a minute;
 When we pass the box around,
 Please put some pennies in it.
 And all the men and women,
 If children of our King,
 Can give us quarters, dollars, dimes—
 Can make the silver ring.
 So one and all who hearken,
 Please give us what you can;
 The silver and gold are His,
 He giveth it to man.
 So make the offering to the Lord,
 And willingly now bring
 Your gifts, and place them in the box,
 And then "Praise God" we'll sing.
 —Mrs. L. L. Shoemaker, in *Children's Missionary*.

VERNALIS, CAL., Feb. 9, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR AND CHILDREN:—I am glad we have a page in the EVANGELIST; and I am very glad that so many children are writing such nice and good little letters for this page; and I can not tell how glad and happy it makes me feel, when they say that they are members of the Brethren church. These are the children that are not afraid nor ashamed to do good; these will be the teachers in our Sunday schools; and they will be our preachers and evangelists to preach the gospel of Christ, for the salvation of souls. Believe me, dear children, that now is your time to study. When you attend the common or high schools, you want to study your lessons well, so as to stand at the head of your classes; but wherever, you may be, I do hope you will make it a rule to

read and study God's word. If you understand the Gospel, and live as it directs, you will be good and happy, and will be ready for the coming of the Lord. I would like to write much more, but I must not make my letter too long. Fare-well for the present.

UNCLE JOE.

CLAYPOOL, IND. Feb. 11 1894.

DEAR EDITOR:—As I have never wrote for the children's column I will try and write a few lines. I am eight years old. I go to school every day. I like my teacher very well. My studies are reading, spelling, writing, geography and language. My papa and mamma belong to the Brethren church. Sister Dickey preaches here once a month. We had in our town the first of November a big fire, which burned the hall that we had hired for Sunday school and preaching. So the U. B. Brethren gave us their church for preaching. We think of building a church this summer. I would like to know how Homer Harrison is getting along. I have three sisters and one brother. My oldest sister is ten years old. One sister younger is four. My brother, three; baby sister, two months old. I would like to hear how Vesta Leslie is getting along. If this escapes the waste basket I will write again
 Your Friend.

GOLDIE R. SHOEMAKER.

This does very well. You have observed our rules, and so it has been very little trouble to get your letter ready for the printer. Homer is no worse than when we came back from Chicago. He may be some better.

DEAR EDITOR:—This is my first attempt to write for the children's column. My sister Dora, got married on Christmas day. My papa and mamma and sister and I belong to the Brethren church. We have no preacher. We ought to have one though. I have three brothers going to school. My sister is sick. We are glad she is getting better. I have four brothers and three sisters and myself—one sister and brother dead. It is just one year since we laid her to rest, and folded her cold hands on her breast. One long year has passed away; one long year since that fatal day. We miss her coming

footsteps; we miss her everywhere. Home is not like it used to be, since our dear sister is no longer here. Then will it be short until we meet. Though her body slumbers here, her soul is safe in heaven. Good-bye for this time.

NETTIE GARLAND.

Your letter contains a mixture of the joyful and sorrowful. It fills us with gladness to know that you have given your heart to the Lord; but we can feel your sorrow, too, as we have a little brother and sister in the cemetery near Johnstown, Penna.

PORT REPUBLIC, VA.

DEAR EDITOR:—This is my third attempt to write for the children's column. I haven't been to school this week, I have very bad sore throat. I am getting better now. I want to get well and go to school. Miss Minnie Mozzey is my school teacher. I go to Port Republic to school. I love to read the little letters from the children. I want to hear something about Jesus. Some of the children about our home will never write. I think I will write again to get them to write. I love my papa and my mamma. Good-bye.

VERGIE LEE GARLAND.

We are glad you are going to help wake all the little folks up so they will write for us.

WATERLOO, IOWA. Feb. 12, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR:—This is my first letter for the children's column. I will be twelve years old the twenty-third of this month. I go to school and I study reading, arithmetic, spelling, physiology, grammar and geography. My teacher's name is Abbie Averill, and I like her very well. This was a bad day, and it snowed and blowed all day. We have no Sunday school this winter. Our minister's name is S. H. Bashor. I have three brothers, but no sisters. I was sorry to hear that Homer's health was so poor. I hope that he will get well again. I will write again. Good-bye.

VIOLA WHIPKEY.

We are glad to hear from "home." We hardly feel that we are here to stay, yet such is our purpose. I presume if we had time to think about it we would get home-sick, although every body here has been very kind to us. We hope a large number of Waterloo friends will come to see us next summer.